

VOY

J. G. Garnett

from

Harry C. Wingley

12 Aug^t 1891

L O G

OF A

VOYAGE TO BRITISH COLUMBIA

IN THE

"WEST INDIAN."

1890-91.

LIVERPOOL:

PRINTED BY W. P. PLATT, 32, MOORFIELDS.

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MEMORANDA OF REFERENCE.

S.S. "WEST INDIAN"

LEFT LIVERPOOL, 1 P.M., DECEMBER 3RD, 1890.

LAT. 53° 24' 40" N. LONG. 2° 58' 55" W. (ST. PAUL'S).

Days out.	Date.	Place at or bound for.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Each Day's Run.	Total Miles Run.
1...	Dec. 4...	Off Tuskar Rock.....	52° N.	5° 30' W.	190	—
2...	" 5...	From Tuskar	49° 0' N.	12° 40' W.	227	417
3...	" 6...	From L'pool (491 m.).....	46° 50' N.	14° 22' W.	200	617
4...	" 7...	Dist. to Madeira 646 miles	43° 32' N.	15° 34' W.	204	821
5...	" 8...	" " 425 m....	39° 56' N.	16° 7' W.	221	1042
6...	" 9...	" " 215 m....	36° 23' N.	16° 46' W.	210	1252
7...	" 10...	Abreast Madeira	33° 15' N.	17° 30' W.	198	1450
8...	" 11...	To Bona Vista 856 m...	29° 56' N.	18° 37' W.	207	1657
9...	" 12...	" " 642 m...	26° 29' N.	19° 42' W.	216	1873
10...	" 13...	" " 423 m...	22° 59' N.	20° 49' W.	218	2091
11...	" 14...	" " 207 m...	19° 30' N.	21° 46' W.	216	2307
12...	" 15...	To Noronho 1322 m. ...	15° 50' N.	22° 14' W.	216	2523
13...	" 16...	" 1115 m. ...	12° 33' N.	23° 07' W.	208	2731
14...	" 17...	" 894 m. ...	9° 1' N.	24° 12' W.	221	2952
15...	" 18...	" 690 m. ...	5° 56' N.	25° 39' W.	204	3156
16...	" 19...	" 485 m. ...	3° 10' N.	27° 40' W.	205	3361
17...	" 20...	To Cape Virgin 3707 m. ...	0° 12' S.	28° 49' W.	216	3577
			Cross Equator.			
18...	" 21...	" " 3484 m. ...	3° 31' S.	30° 30' W.	223	3800
19...	" 22...	" " 3258 m. ...	6° 51' S.	32° 16' W.	226	4026
20...	" 23...	" " 3034 m. ...	10° 14' S.	33° 51' W.	224	4250
21...	" 24...	" " 2805 m. ...	13° 22' S.	35° 43' W.	220	4470
22...	" 25...	" " 2584 m. ...	16° 40' S.	37° 24' W.	221	4691
23...	" 26...	" " 2371 m. ...	19° 57' S.	38° 53' W.	210	4901
24...	" 27...	" " 2131 m. ...	22° 57' S.	41° 42' W.	240	5140

iv.

Days out.	Date.	Place at or bound for.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Each Day's Run.	Total Miles Run.
25...	Dec. 28...	To Cape Virgin 1951 m. ...	— —	— —	180	5320
26...	" 29...	" " 1792 m. ...	27° 50' s.	45° 34' w.	179	5500
27...	" 30...	" " 1534 m. ...	30° 39' s.	48° 00' w.	208	5708
28...	" 31...	" " 1328 m. ...	33° 33' s.	50° 48' w.	226	5934
29...	Jan. 1...	" " 1082 m. ...	36° 36' s.	53° 26' w.	226	6160
30...	" 2...	" " 872 m. ...	39° 40' s.	55° 40' w.	211	6371
31...	" 3...	" " 755 m. ...	42° 0' s.	58° 19' w.	188	6559
32...	" 4...	" " 559 m. ...	44° 06' s.	61° 44' w.	196	6755
33...	" 5...	" " 391 m. ...	46° 11' s.	64° 12' w.	168	6923
34...	" 6...	" " 194 m. ...	49° 28' s.	65° 43' w.	214	7137
35...	" 7...	Straits of Magellan ..	— —	— —	194	7331
36...	" 8...	Punta Arenas (Sandy Point)				
37...	" 9...	Straits of Magellan*				
38...	" 10...	In Pacific, to Lota				
39 ..	" 11...	To Lota 711 m.	48° 25' s.	76° 31' w.	204	7535
40...	" 12...	" 507 m.	— —	— —	201	7736
41...	" 13...	" 330 m.	42° 05' s.	76° 18' w.	177	7913
42...	" 14...	" 132 m.	— —	— —	198	8111
43 ..	" 15...	Anchored, Coronel Bay...				
44...	" 16...	Coronel				
45 ..	" 17...	"				
46 ..	" 18...	"				
47...	" 19...	"				
48...	" 20...	"				
49...	" 21...	Coronel and at Sea†				
50...	" 22...	At Sea for Esquimalt.....	34° 11' s.	74° 44' w.	211	8322
51...	" 23...	" "	30° 57' s.	76° 57' w.	225	8547
52...	" 24...	" "	27° 44' s.	79° 03' w.	222	8769
53...	" 25...	" "	24° 35' s.	81° 11' w.	230	8999
54...	" 26...	" "	21° 29' s.	83° 39' w.	228	9227
55...	" 27...	" "	18° 15' s.	85° 37' w.	225	9452
56...	" 28...	" "	15° 34' s.	88° 03' w.	228	9678

*Cape Virgin to Cape Pillar is 320 miles.

†Left Coronel at 2.45 p.m.

Days out.	Date.	Place at or bound for.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Each Day's Run.	Total Miles Run.
57...	Jan. 29...	At Sea for Esquimalt ...	12° 33' s.	90° 21' w.	227	9905
58...	" 30...	" "	 9° 52' s.	92° 39' w.	211	10116
59...	" 31...	" "	 7° 02' s.	95° 02' w.	219	10335
60...	Feb. 1...	" "	 4° 01' s.	97° 21' w.	231	10566
61...	" 2...	" "	 1° 08' s.	99° 30' w.	218	10784
62...	" 3...	" "	 1° 58' N.	101° 24' w.	224	11008
63...	" 4...	" "	 5° 01' N.	102° 58' w.	206	11214
64...	" 5...	" "	 8° 06' N.	104° 35' w.	208	11422
65...	" 6...	" "	 10° 53' N.	106° 48' w.	212	11634
66...	" 7...	" "	 13° 37' N.	108° 40' w.	197	11831
67...	" 8...	" "	 16° 51' N.	109° 48' w.	205	12584
68...	" 9...	" "	 19° 46' N.	111° 38' w.	204	12708
69...	" 10...	" "	 22° 35' N.	113° 10' w.	190	12898
70...	" 11...	" "	 25° 25' N.	115° 30' w.	207	13105
71...	" 12...	" "	 28° 31' N.	117° 20' w.	217	13322
72...	" 13...	" "	 31° 21' N.	119° 5' w.	194	13516
73...	" 14...	" "	 34° 08' N.	121° 28' w.	206	13722
74...	" 15...	" "	 37° 30' N.	122° 58' w.	215	13937
75...	" 16...	" "	 40° 28' N.	124° 36' w.	*196	14133
76...	" 17...	" "	 43° 12' N.	124° 53' w.	180	14313
77...	" 18...	" "	 46° 39' N.	124° 32' w.	189	†14502
78...	" 19...	Anchored in Esquimalt Harbour, 9.20 a.m.				

*On the 16th, at noon (being short of coal), reduced our speed to 7 knots.

†To Victoria, 163 miles.

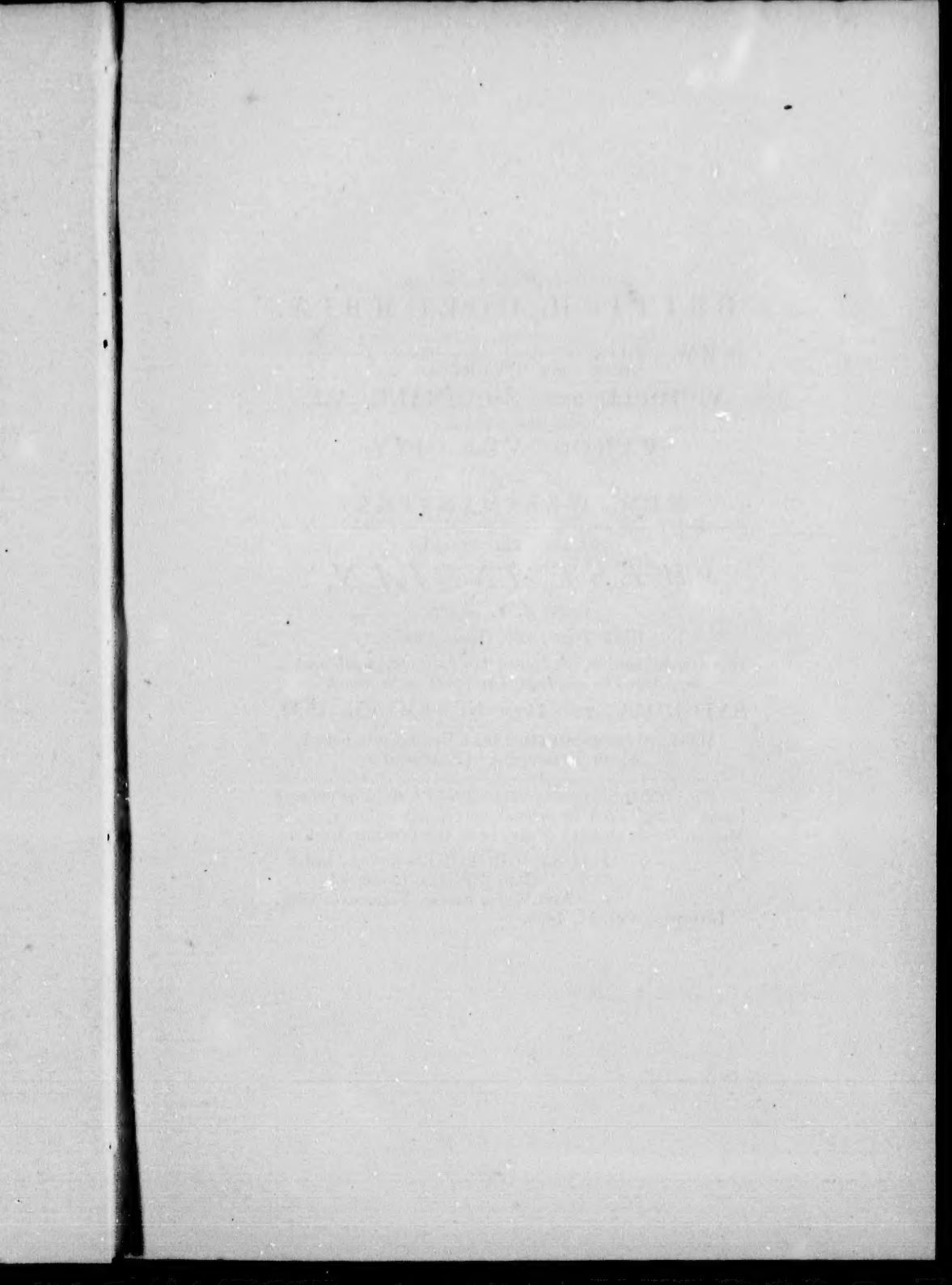
LIVERPOOL TO VICTORIA, 14,665 miles in 78 days.

Average run (full steaming days) 188.4 miles—not reckoning 8 hours
40 minutes difference in time. Average knots per hour, 7.8.

S.S. "AURANIA,"
NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL,
MARCH 28TH, 1891,
LEFT WHARF, NEW YORK, 7.30 A.M.

March 29 ...	LAT. 40° 43' N.	LONG. 65° 34' W.	RUN 380 Miles.*
" 30 ...	" 41° N.	" 57° 54' W.	" 348 "

* From Sandy Hook.



[Left Liverpool 1 p.m. Dec. 3rd. 1890.]

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

[Arrived at Esquimalt 9.20 a.m. Feb. 19th, 1891.]

STEAM FROM LIVERPOOL TO
VICTORIA AND ESQUIMALT, V.I.,

[14,665 Miles in 78 days.]

VANCOUVER CITY,

AND

NEW WESTMINSTER.

THE FINE NEW STEAMER

"WEST INDIAN,"

CAPT. S. F. SCOTT,

1,805 Tons ; 200 Horse Power,

Has a considerable portion of her cargo engaged, and is
appointed to sail from Liverpool on or about

SATURDAY, THE 15TH NOVEMBER, 1890.

Has good accommodation for a limited number of
Saloon Passengers. [*Four went.*]

For further particulars and rates of freight or passage
(cargo being taken by special agreement only), apply to
Messrs. G. C. DOBELL & Co., or to the Loading Brokers,

BAKER BROTHERS & CO., Ltd.,

Chapel Walks, Liverpool,

And Water Street, Vancouver City.

Liverpool, Oct. 14, 1890.

L O G

OF A

VOYAGE TO BRITISH COLUMBIA, &c.

S.S. "WEST INDIAN"

Left Liverpool 1 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER, 3rd, 1890.

Foggy and calm. Two other passengers besides ourselves. Capt. Scott extremely kind and attentive. Off Holyhead 10 p.m.; rolling heavily.

THURSDAY, DEC. 4th.

Off Tuskar, 8.20. a.m.; fresh N. breeze; big sea; decks awash amidships. Very well to-day; huge appetite. Ship more shipshape to-day; only doing 9 knots. We have three cabins, one on deck for my smoke room, one below to sleep in, and one for Winnie's clothes.

FRIDAY, DEC. 5th.

Run from Tuscar 250 miles. Fine four-masted ship full sail; sick passengers turned out.

SATURDAY, DEC. 6th.

Rolling fearfully, very heavy swell, but fine. Run 200 miles; fresh wind, E.S.E. at 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, DEC. 7th.

Awfully rough last night; ship pitching and rolling fearfully; lightning. Captain up all night. Wind gone

Off Madeira.

down this morning, but tremendous swell on. Are going viâ Madeira and the Canaries.

MONDAY, DEC. 8th.

Glorious day; fresh breeze right aft. First tub this morning. To Madeira 425 miles.

TUESDAY DEC. 9th.

Perfectly lovely day; quite calm, with cool head wind. After breakfast a most extraordinary thing happened: a seagull flew on to the quarter deck and we picked it up, when it was violently sick. After staying on deck for a few minutes it hopped over the side and flew away. 215 miles to Madeira.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10th.

Sighted Madeira after breakfast, and were abreast at noon; distance 18 miles. Lovely day. The island looked splendid. Winnie very seedy.

THURSDAY, DEC. 11th.

Lovely day and quite calm; very warm. Winnie no better: she nearly fainted after breakfast. Putting up awnings to-day. Off Palma all afternoon. Did not see Teneriffe.

FRIDAY, DEC. 12th.

Winnie better. Fairly in the N.E. Trades. Put out fishing lines for Bonitos; raining a little. In the afternoon passed a Pacific s.s. homeward bound: we signalled our name and port, and she will report us on her arrival.

SATURDAY, DEC. 13th.

Lovely day. Fresh N.E. trade; in the tropics to-day. Saw a small barque bound same way.

SUNDAY, DEC. 14th.

Lovely day. 207 m. from Bona Vista. Cape Verde Island at noon.

MONDAY, DEC. 15th.

Capt. Scott knocked down two firemen this morning,

one after the other. Lots of flying fish about; one came on deck, and is before me now. Abreast Bona Vista at noon. Left all the Islands on starboard hand. Winnie bad headache this morning. Rotten rat in one of our three state rooms. Paid wine bill to date (16s.).

TUESDAY, DEC. 16th.

Fried flying fish for breakfast: they came on board last night. Very hot to-day, but lovely breeze. Two of the firemen are ill. Run 208½ miles.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17th.

More flying fish for breakfast. Strong breeze and big sea in afternoon.

THURSDAY, DEC. 18th.

Tumbled about a good deal last night; heavy rain. Passed a full-rigged four-master to-day under big spread of canvas. Fresh breeze all day. Sighted another ship this evening. Changed to deck cabin to-day.

FRIDAY, DEC. 19th.

As we cross the Equator to-morrow morning, it was decided that Neptune should visit the ship to-night. So about 9 p.m., Neptune and his wife (the Steward and Fred, the Captain's son) were brought aft by the crew on their carriage and were introduced to those who had not crossed the Line before. These people had to be either shaved or stand drinks. Forester and young Tommy chose the latter, but the four or five of the crew, with the exception of the carpenter, who stood, who had not crossed, were first of all lathered with some filthy mixture, then shaved, and on being asked their names and answering, the filthy shaving brush was shoved down their throats, and were finally pulled over backwards and thoroughly soused in a tub of water. It was great fun. All the crew were stood grog and there was dancing, etc.

SATURDAY, DEC. 20th.

Crossed the Line at 11 a.m. Captain put a hair over glass of telescope and made Tommy look through it.

Upon being asked if he saw the Line, he said "Yes!" and got quite excited. He has entered it in his log and firmly believed he saw it.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21st.

Fine breeze again to-day. We had lunch on the quarter deck; there is a table on purpose. We passed no fewer than three barques to-day, all going same way as ourselves. I was rather surprised at our passing them at all, as there has been a spanking breeze all day and they should have overtaken us. They were all three quite close to.

MONDAY, DEC. 22nd.

Lovely day, as usual; strong S.E. trade. Passed two ships close to, both homeward bound. One of the pigs went mad to-day and jumped overboard. The big deer-hound (consigned to A. G. Thynne, probably some relation of Lord Bath) and the donkeys are getting on famously. Passed within about 60 miles, Noronho Island, yesterday. It is used as a Brazilian convict settlement. Off Parahiba at noon to-day. We are now using the coasting charts. Winnie did a lot of washing to-day and got roasted. Saw a large Albatross to-day for the first time.

TUESDAY, DEC. 23rd.

Heavy rain this morning, but it has turned out a lovely day as usual. Passed a large three-masted schooner at breakfast time. As there are no bitters to be had on board, I use Winnie's medicine, viz., quinine and iron.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24th.

Lovely day. Saw a steamer in the distance this morning. Three geese, four fowls, and two turkeys were killed this morning for to-morrow's festivities. After dinner, all the crew off duty came aft, and we had a very pleasant evening. Lots of very good songs by the sailors. Forester played the banjo and sang very well. Had some dancing. Captain Scott stood liquor to everybody, including passengers. We had heaps of whiskey and the proceedings did not close till after one o'clock. The men gave three cheers for

Mrs. Scott, and afterwards three for Winnie. Gave dirty little Tom Wainwright, whiskey and port mixed.

CHRISTMAS DAY—THURSDAY, DEC. 25th.

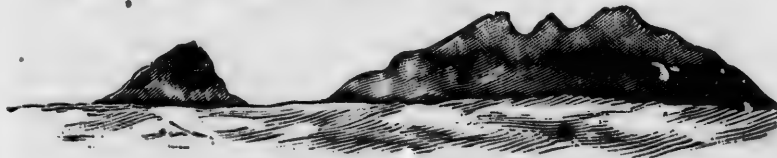
Quite the hottest day yet; 89 degrees in the shade. Light wind; dead aft; must be awfully hot down the stokehole. Saw some dolphins chasing some flying fish. I forgot to mention that after lunch yesterday, we ranged up within hailing distance of a barque, bound same way as ourselves. After some signalling we got alongside her and commenced conversation. She was a remarkably pretty little ship. The "Mary Adelaide" of Liverpool, bound from Antwerp to Valparaiso. Her skipper got awfully excited at us speaking him, and wished us a merry Xmas and a good voyage, over and over again. She was 38 days out (very good) and was 640 tons.

FRIDAY, DEC. 26th.

Saw a steamer this morning. Fine strong breeze and a little cooler. Steward got an awful blowing up from the captain for stealing liquor. He has had all control of it taken from him.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27th.

Very strong breeze; luckily behind us. Loom of the land all morning; and all noon we were abreast Cape Frio; distant 22 miles. Our first glimpse of South America. We got a good view in spite of the distance.



CAPE "FRIO," BRAZIL.

SHIP'S POSITION..... 522° 57' W.; 41° 42'. Distant 22 miles.

We are very lucky to have hit it off so well; the chronometer is exactly right. After breakfast we put out a long fishing line, and it had not been out five minutes before we hooked a fine dolphin, which we got aboard all right.

Seven pounds in weight and most beautifully coloured. We had it for dinner to-night and it was excellent and a great treat. We hooked another and larger one immediately afterwards, but lost it as we were hauling it up the side. Shall be abreast of "Rio" to-night.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28th.

Very heavy head sea, which greatly stopped us; run only 180 miles; every sign of a gale to-night, but fortunately we have escaped it. Much cooler. Passed two steamers to-night, one of them a very large one.

MONDAY, DEC. 29th.

Lovely day, with nice cool breeze. Still tremendously heavy head swell, which shows no sign of going down. Run 179 miles. Passed a sailing ship who signalled for longitude, which we gave her. This morning we got a large piece of tin, and after shaping it somewhat like a fish, fastened it on to the hook on the fishing line and then called Tom, who rushed up and frantically hauled at it till he nearly got it aboard; he was properly spoofed.

TUESDAY, DEC. 30th.

Blew pretty fresh last night but fortunat^e aft. This morning beautifully fine. Passed a brigantine close hauled. "Ludo" is in great request, we play nearly every night. Run 210 miles. Distant from land, 110 miles.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31st.

Lovely day; wind still aft. A very pretty brigantine passed close across our bows this morning, hailing from "Rio." She was going along splendidly. Captain stood liquor again to-night. We saw the New Year in, and at midnight they blew the whistle and rang all the bells. Saw a large whale and a school of porpoises. Perfectly calm New Year.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1891.

Saw a shark this morning. At noon we were right in the middle of the estuary of the River Plate. Very heavy rain this morning, but turned out very fine and quite calm.

Saw a huge albatross this morning. The water is quite discoloured to day, and is brackish, although we are one or two hundred miles from the river, proper. Phosphorus simply wonderful to-night (11 p.m.). Quite cold; glorious night!

FRIDAY, JAN. 2nd.

Ship was stopped this morning for an hour to adjust compasses, by which we lost about 12 miles. Saw a shoal of black fish sporting near to the ship. They are a species of whale and about four times the size of porpoises. It is much cooler to day; the water this morning bitterly cold. 872 miles from Cape Virgin. Sea still discoloured. Saw a very large whale close to ship. Came on to blow with very thick fog; whistle still going when we turned in.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3rd.

Fog continued till 1 a.m. to-day. Fine morning with wind off the land. Run only 189½ miles; strong current against us. This afternoon the engines were stopped for an hour to pack cylinders, during which time we tried fishing, as, of course, we lay motionless, but without success. Very calm this evening. I won two games "Ludo" which is still very much in request. Two-thirds of the potatoes on board have suddenly gone quite rotten.

SUNDAY, JAN. 4th.

Pheugh! Isn't it blowing; wind dead ahead and seas like mountains. It has been the same all day, but to-night has moderated a good deal. She has proved herself a splendid sea boat, though, of course, she has taken dozens of green seas over forward; the third mate and three sailors when making fast the headsails this morning, were buried in a green sea. They must have had six feet of water over them. The third mate bruised his face rather badly. Charlie and Fred were washed out of one of the dunnekins on the foredeck. Winnie lay in bed nearly all day, but got up for dinner. Saw a waterspout in the distance this evening. Fine sunset. Barometer down a little; ship rolling rather heavily; heavy swell from the southard; not dark till nearly 10 p.m.

MONDAY, JAN. 5th.

The gale quite spent itself last night and we had a quiet night, though I believe she plunged a good deal. Lovely morning but very cold; the water in my tub was bitter. Loom of the land all morning. Run only 168 miles. Did not sight land after all. Mrs. Scott rather seedy to-day; she has not appeared. Looks like wind or rain to-night; a most angry looking sunset; most wonderful colouring.

TUESDAY, JAN. 6th.

(Thirty-four days out.)

Fortunately the angry sky last night did not turn into anything, at anyrate for us, and this morning is beautifully fine. The water is covered with tide rips and is a very light colour, showing a shoal. The remaining pig was very ill this mornig, presumably from cold; so it was promptly killed, to "save its life." I hope we shall not all be poisoned. Only 194 miles from Cape Virgin at noon. Passed close to a large number of huge albatrosses floating on the water.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7th.

The Captain called me at 8 a.m. to see the land and Cape Virgin in the distance. It is very low land and most inhospitable looking. We gave Cape Virgin a wide berth and fairly entered the Straits at one o'clock. The morning was beautifully fine, but the glass very low indeed (29.2"), and about 2 p.m. a heavy black sky appeared to windward. At 3 p.m. the storm burst in a perfect hurricane of wind and rain, but little sea. Very thick; are going dead slow as we cannot see the land. It cleared up about six o'clock and we proceeded to the first narrows. Just at the commencement of the narrows we saw a little settlement of houses, name not given on chart, a fine cutter lying at anchor off it. Fresh roast pork for dinner, very good. I carved, as none of the officers could come down. The land is awfully desolate. These narrows are less than two miles broad. Very low land. 10-30 p.m.—Most lovely night but very cold. The settlement we passed was "Wood's Farm;" he is English and has a large sheep farm there.

THURSDAY, JAN. 8th.

The Captain kept on all night and did not let go his anchor till we were off Sandy Point at 7-30 a.m. When I went on deck I was surprised to find this such a large place. The red-roofed wooden houses look quite picturesque with the dark hills behind to set them off. The population is 2,000, of which some 400 are English. There were two Chilian men-of-war in the harbour, one of them the *Admirante Lynch*, just arrived from Birkenhead. Brand new Torpedo boat. She left Birkenhead a month before we did, and as she only arrived the day before yesterday, has had a pretty long passage. There was also one German steamer, and a perfect little schooner yacht belonging to the British Consul here, who is a German and keeps a store; a very decent fellow. This place is gradually improving and has been quite quiet since the mutiny of the convicts in 1877. We lay a long way from the landing, nearly two miles, and fished for gulls till lunch time; after which we all went ashore in the port cutter, the starboard one leaked so badly that we could not go in it, and the one we went in was so bad that we had to bale out continually to keep the water down. When we got to the rickety tumble down pier, we were met by Mr. Braun, a German butcher, anxious to supply us with meat, and from whom eventually the Captain bought a supply. He acted as our guide all day. Our first visit was to the Captain of the Port, who asked us in and regaled us with cider. We then went to the British Consul's store and Post-office, where I posted two letters, one to Phatty and one to Morton. Eventually we all went to Lehi's, a Swedish carpenter's house, to tea. He has a very nice little place, and an English cockney wife. Conservatory, three horses, cow, etc. etc. There was a well educated Englishman living with him, named Lewis, who has been out here and in the Falklands for years, money lending; seventy years old; he was delighted to see us. After this, we went again to Braun's shop and bought Huanaco* Skins. I got a beauty for 30s. They are brought in periodically by the Indians, and are much

*Pronounced Wanacka.

prized, as only the young calves of a week or ten days old are killed; after this age the fur becomes woolly. Sandy Point is a very tumble down place, with only one decently paved street; an air of neglect everywhere. The climate, however, is very good, and the winter months the finest; never much snow and never extremely cold. There is good sport to be had within one day inland—geese, ducks, snipe, and small bears. Did not see any Indians. Enjoyed one day ashore very much and returned to the ship for a late dinner at 9-30 p.m. Captain Scott sold the big lifeboat he had brought out, to the carpenter, for £24. She is a splendid boat: it was a great job getting her into the water. Two more screw steamers came in this evening from E. and W., the one from W. a Frenchman, making a hideous noise with his syren whistle.

FRIDAY, JAN. 9th.

Fresh beef for breakfast; delicious. Snow on the mountains. Left 2-30 a.m. Cape Forward, most southern point of South America, 9 a.m. It is a fine abrupt cliff clothed with wood. Passed wreck of Pacific Mail boat, "Cordittera," wrecked about 18 months ago. She is broken right in two, but is visible above water. Most magnificent scenery all the way. Two Indian canoes came off from an island at noon, in spite of the sea, to buy and sell beaver skins; but the Captain did not stop as he is anxious to get out to-night. I threw one of them a tin with tobacco in it. 4-30: are just passing a magnificent glacier which reaches down to the water's edge. Magnificent scenery; wonderful peaks and crags. Another canoe came off and one of the biscuits I threw hit one of the men; he roared with laughter and delight. The Indians have no clothing beyond a very thin shirt; how they live in this cold I don't know. Expect to be clear of the Straits about 1 a.m.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10th.

The Captain called me at 12-15 a.m. to see Cape Pillar, which we were just abreast. It was still twilight and I could make it out quite distinctly. I soon went to sleep again, and when I awoke, it was to find ourselves in the

teeth of a Pacific "Norther," which veered round to the N.N.W. and has continued there all day. By Jove! How it has been blowing, and no signs of abating now (10 p.m.) But we must expect this weather here. Numbers of albatrosses have been following us all day; most magnificent ones; now and then hovering right over the quarter-deck, not fifteen feet above our heads. I must try and shoot some to-morrow. Beef at Sandy Point was only 2½d. a lb., and the sheep the Captain bought only 16/, and it is a huge one. Winnie rather sick and Forester very bad. No sights taken; too thick; Lota about 1,200 miles distant at noon. Distance from land about 60 miles. Fresh gale, N.W. to N.N.W.; heavy beam sea. Fore trysail, fore staysail, and fore topmast staysail. Ship behaving beautifully.

SUNDAY, JAN. 11th.

Very strong head wind, at times amounting to gale, with very bad confused sea; ship rolling about as badly as she possibly can. I shot four magnificent albatrosses to day, but only managed to pick up one, a beauty measuring 10 feet from tip to tip; the other three fell into the water and were of course lost. The fourth I shot standing under the bridge and he fell stone dead on to the deck; I'm going to try and get the skeleton of his head. There have been hundreds about all day; we tried fishing for them but we were going too fast. One of the birds I shot was a brown one, and I think, if anything, larger than the one I bagged. The latter is hanging up over the after hatch to give the bill a chance of drying. By Jove! it is a tremendous size! Run to-day 204 miles. Splendid roast mutton for dinner. Forester still very sick.

MONDAY, JAN. 12th.

Heavy gale from the north all day, with most confused sea, about as bad as any I have ever seen. Ship rolling and plunging most uncomfortably. Have fled to our maindeck cabin to sleep to-night. Wind changed a little to the westward at sundown and moderated a little. One of the quartermasters (Costello) has skinned my albatross, but has broken one of the pinions in doing so, a great pity, I valued these more than the skin, for pipe stems. Distance

from Sandy Point to Lota, 1,162 miles. Wind moderated somewhat to-night; fore and aft sails set. Very heavy sea.

TUESDAY, JAN. 13th.

Run 117 m.; to Lota 330 m. Still heavy sea but wind has much moderated. Strong breeze. At last we are approaching civilization once more; there is a lighthouse on our starboard bow though distant about 60 m. Forester appeared this morning looking very shaky. Hope to get to Lota Thursday morning at daybreak. I shot two more huge albatrosses this afternoon, brown breasts, but failed to pick either of them up. The first fell just about a yard beyond the taffrail and the second hit the awning rail in falling. I thought it was sure to fall on board, but the ship happened to give a heavy roll in the wrong direction, so I missed it. They were both beauties; great pity. The sailors eat the one I bagged for their dinner to-day. Blowing very hard again to-night. Began "Ludo" again to-night.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14th

Still blowing awfully hard, with tremendous seas and thick weather. However it has cleared up this afternoon, and this evening is beautifully fine. New moon, but a tremendous westerly swell. By Jove! we are rolling, it is hard work to keep our feet. Just as we sat down to lunch the second officer came down and announced land on the weather bow. This turned out to be the Island of Mocha, and when the weather lifted shortly afterwards we found ourselves between this Island and the mainland; both highlands; the former a fine island, eight miles long by three broad; uninhabited, but having fine water and trees. It turned out a beautiful afternoon and we kept land in sight till dark. Only 60 miles from Lota at 9 p.m. Saw several small coasters tossing about, and some tremendous breakers, three miles off. Well, we have had a time of it! Nothing but the worst of weather, ever since leaving Cape Pillar; hope we shan't see any more of it.

THURSDAY, JAN. 15th.

Anchored here at 8-15 this morning, after such a rolling

about. Winnie could not sleep at all. We are at Coronel, not Lota. There is a train from here to Concepcion, a large town; distant 15 miles. After we had anchored, the health officer came off, and after a lot of fuss, would not let us land, as the Captain's papers were not quite correct. There are several steamers here, two of them the Gulf Line from Liverpool, sister ships. Very warm here to-day. We are quite close to the shore. The scenery is not up to much. We are busy painting the hull of the ship a bright red. As usual in most foreign ports, there were five British steamers to three others (the latter of different nationalities) here to-day. Although the health officer who was here this morning, promised to return at eleven, he has not been yet (10-30), so we have not been able to land, any of us! The Captain is very annoyed at it. A fine Chilean man-of-war has been cruising about all day and to-night is anchored close astern of us; probably watching us, as there are so many British ships in the harbour. Lovely night. The Railway Station is just opposite the ship. Lota is just round the next point.

FRIDAY, JAN. 16th.

Quite an eventful day. There were no signs of the Captain of the Port coming off, but shortly after breakfast the Captain of the Gulf Liner lying nearest to us, sent off a boat with an officer to tell us that there was a serious kickup at Valparaiso—Navy *versus* Army—and that no one was allowed to land at all or buy anything. They—the Gulf Liners—had been here eight days waiting for coal; but though there is plenty of it close to, they dare not send it off for fear the man-of-war, which is constantly popping in and out, were to catch them; in which case, she would capture the lighters and enlist the men. They did begin coaling this afternoon, when all of a sudden round the point comes the man-of-war full steam, and it was ludicrous to see the lighters hurriedly leave the ship and scull for the shore. The Captain of the Port had just put off to board the Pacific Mail, but he hurried back all haste. When the "Galicia," the Pacific Mail boat, anchored, she fired a gun to announce the arrival of the mails.

No sooner had she done so, when the man-of-war who was just behind her, fired a blank shot to prohibit her landing the mails. As soon as she had anchored she sent a boat to the Pacific Mail boat and took off the Coronel Mails on board. The man-of-war left the harbour at sundown. Three more ships came in to-day, all for coal; so the little bay is quite full of big ships. The Captain had an awful row with the sailors to-night and smashed one of them up. We are now painted a bright red all over. There have been a lot of people shot in Valparaiso.

SATURDAY, JAN. 17th.

No man-of-war this morning, so coaling has been going on briskly all day, though they have not yet come to us. After lunch we all went ashore in one of the ship's boats; there was a high surf running on the beach. We first went to Mr. Taylor's house, where we left Frida and Mrs. Scott. We then went to the British Consul, whose office was a miserable place in a coalyard. He was a very jovial old German, and after palaver he took us to see a steam launch he is building. We then went to a Pub, and Forster and I had a game of American Billiards, which I won, and thence to Mr. Taylor's, where we had drinks, and then on board. Horse hire is very cheap here, three dollars per diem, equal to six shillings. They offered us a huge fish quite 40 lbs. in weight for two dollars. We bought a lot of fruit, etc. The Captain of the Port sent a manifesto to-night warning us against the dangers of the Revolution, and told us to be ready to proceed to sea at a moment's notice; but how we are to do so without coal? This is not much of a place and the natives are very dirty. Provisions are very expensive. Lota is 20 miles and Concepcion one hour by train. Fresh meat for dinner of which I partook two lbs. Cannot wire our arrival to England as all telegraphic communication is shut off. A great nuisance! Lovely day. The Pacific Mail boat "Galicia" will be very late getting to Liverpool, she is being delayed here. Captain and Mrs. Scott are dining on board the "Gulf of Guinea" to-night; her Captain is a very decent fellow, Livingstone by name.

SUNDAY, JAN. 18th.

They commenced coaling the ship this morning at 6 a.m., but at 10 a.m. the Captain of the Fort came rowing frantically round all the ships, shouting that the *Esmeralda* was coming. It was funny to see the lighter men jump into their lighters and pull with all their might and main for the shore. Sure enough directly afterwards the man-of-war came steaming in full speed round the Point and anchored a ship's length from us. All was quiet for some time, till suddenly we heard firing on shore; the two rival parties had met at last and the rebellion had commenced. In almost less than no time, the *Esmeralda* had run out her guns and began bombarding the town, at the same time firing her quick firing gun from the foretop. She kicked up a great noise, and quickly all sound of firing on shore ceased. The *Esmeralda* then hove up her anchor and moved a little further away from us (she was unpleasantly close) and began firing at the Railway Bridge to try and destroy it. This she failed to do, though she used her heavy guns. The Fort on shore responded in a feeble way and sent two balls under her stern, but did not hit her. Shortly after this she got under way and steamed to Lota, which she attacked; we could hear the firing very distinctly as the place is only seven miles off. When she had finished there she steamed out to sea and had not returned at 10-30 p.m., so has probably gone to Valparaiso. All is quiet now, but of course we can't go ashore. All the natives bolted to the hills—we could see them running. When we shall get our coal is a problem. Pacific Mail boat still here.

MONDAY, JAN. 19th.

Coaling commenced early, but about 10. a.m. the *Esmeralda* steamed round the point and off scooted the barges. The man-of-war did not anchor, however, but steamed on towards Lota and shortly afterwards went out to sea. We did not go ashore to-day. Captain Livingstone, of the s.s. "Gulf of Guinea," and a Mr. Cathcart, passenger on her, came off to us to dinner, and we passed a very jolly evening, dancing, etc. Calvert played the violin well. Captain

Livingstone, who is an extremely nice fellow, is only my age (27), rather young I should think to command such a large ship. He has asked us to breakfast to-morrow.

TUESDAY, JAN. 20th.

The gig of the "Gulf of Guinea" came for us at 8-30 and off we all went with the exception of Tommy Wainwright, who wasn't asked. She is a very fine cargo boat with splendid saloon accommodation, electric light, etc.; she is only two years old. We sat down to a rare good breakfast, heaps of all sorts of things; chops, beefstakes, grilled fowl and ham, etc., etc. Afterwards Capt. Livingstone showed us over the ship, and then we all went ashore, calling at our ship, *en route*, to pick up Tommy. We loafed away the day, strolling about, etc., and at three had ham and eggs at the only decent hotel in the town, and that is not saying much. Shortly afterwards Frida and I went off to the ship, but the others did not and we had to wait for our dinner till 8-15 p.m., and then Frida and I had it by ourselves. The others arrived about 9-30 and had been in a nice fix; they could not get a boat for love or money, as no communication is allowed with the shore after sundown. However, at last the Captain of the Port lent his boat, though he would not send any men, and we had to tow his boat back.

WEDNESDAY JAN. 21st.

As I was pumping some water into the bath this morning, to my surprise I pumped up a young octopus. We kept him in the bath all day. It was most curious to watch him. When he was touched, he would eject an inky substance that entirely hid him. I threw him overboard this evening. We have shipped four extra hands here, two firemen and two sailors. At last we are off; at 2-45 we weighed anchor and proceeded to sea. The Captain went ashore after breakfast and brought off two more hands and provisions, etc., and at 2-45 p.m., we weighed anchor and slowly steamed out of Coronel harbour. The "Isis" had left before lunch, so we were the last ship in, with the exception of the Pacific Mail boat which arrived last night. Fine strong s.w. wind. We soon began to roll merrily.

When about 12 miles out, we sighted a steamer bearing down on us. When within hailing distance she enquired through a speaking trumpet where we were bound for and we replied British Columbia and dipping our ensign, proceeded. This small steamer was one that the *Esmeralda* had seized, and which we eventually found out, had turned into her tender. We could see the *Esmeralda* some miles off, lying under the lee of Santa Maria Island with steam up. What was our surprise shortly afterwards to see her under weigh and steering for us, instead of going to meet her tender. Conjecture was rife as to whether she was chasing us or not; however, our doubts were soon dispelled for she came nearer and nearer, though we were steaming 11 knots. When she was about a mile astern of us she hoisted a signal which the chief officer mistook for "heavy weather expected;" it really meant "heave to at once." Through this mistake on we gaily steamed, unfortunately without our ensign flying. Suddenly we saw a cloud of smoke issue from the man-of-war's side, and bang! went a gun ordering us to stop. The Captain, however, being asleep in his room on we steamed and began to hoist our sails when bang! went another gun and then luckily for us (for the ship was close up to us and would certainly have fired ball into us if we hadn't stopped, as the third gun means fight) the chief telegraphed "stop her" and we lay rolling about and awaiting events. We hoisted our answering signal and the *Esmeralda* came slowly past us, crossed our bows, and lay to, to leeward. We fully expected to be ordered back to Santa Maria Island to discharge our coal and sell provisions; fortunately this was not the case as the captain had left his bond with the shore authorities for 9,000 dollars not to have any dealings with the fleet. In a few minutes a boat was put off, in spite of the heavy sea, from the *Esmeralda* and shortly a smart boat manned by an officer and four men came under our lee and watching his opportunity the officer climbed up the rope ladder on to our deck, and shook hands with the Captain; they then both went into the latter's cabin. The officer had his sword and a revolver strapped to his belt. Now, as it happened, I was the cause of all this. The commander of the *Esmeralda* had

heard, through spies on shore, that there was a British officer on board the "West Indian," and as two British officers had deserted the Chilian fleet and had joined the President, known also to be in, or in the neighbourhood of Lota, it was supposed that one of them at least was trying to escape the country on board our ship. Therefore she had been lying under Santa Maria for two days waiting to intercept us as we went out. Captain Scott explained to the officer who boarded us that he had an officer on board, namely, myself, and satisfied him that he had not got the rebels; upon which the young gentleman, who by the bye, spoke most excellent English, after accepting some cigars, departed, and proceeded to his own ship. I must mention that while he was on board us, the *Esmeralda* kept cruising round and round us and at one time came so close that one could almost have jumped from one vessel to the other. In fact she was so dangerously close that it seemed when she crossed our bows that we must inevitably have collided had not Mr. Lock (the chief officer) sprung to the telegraph and ordered full speed astern; even then our bow only just cleared his stern. Fancy! especially as there was such a high sea running. We then proceeded on our course. The *Esmeralda* looked magnificent plunging and rolling about. She must steam quite 18 knots to have overtaken us so easily. We were all glad to get away from this civil war ridden country. The naval officer told us that the President always was behaving atrociously and had proclaimed himself Dictator, though half the army had deserted to the fleet. They expect the finale to come off soon, but unless affairs settle themselves very promptly, the Fleet are going to bombard all the principle seaports, beginning at Iquique, where the mobilisation will take place. Big sea to-night; ship rolling heavily; shipping water fore and aft.

From Coronel Bay on a sunshiny day
We started for British Columbia;
When we got outside, to our great surprise,
We were chased by the *Esmeralda*.

Now our boilers were clear, of their ashes rid,
And eleven knots was what we did,
And we flew along, with the pressure of steam,
But the man-of-war went at least eighteen.

Thus our efforts were fruitless to run away,
And we thought we should have a tribute to pay—
Or at least to be forced some days to delay ;
So the ladies, below, we persuaded to go, as in a few minutes
the worst we should know.

For a white cloud of smoke from her side did come,
And we heard the report of a heavy, big, gun.
Then bold Mr. Lock to the telegraph sprang,
"Stand by !" "Ease her !" "Stop her !" he rang.

Though the sea was running high a small boat we did espy,
From the *Esmeralda* to our leese slowly rowing ;
In a short time she had come, and on the bottom rung
Of our ladder stepped the officer commanding.

Our fears quite soon abated, when the officer had stated
That two rebels they did anxiously await ;
And that spies on shore had told them that on board the ship
West Indian,

Were two officers attempting to escape.

So greatly disappointed at not finding those he wanted
And accepting from our Captain some cheroots,
He from our side departed with "good-byes" from all our party,
And our Captain went below to play his flute.

We then on our course proceeded, quite convinced that if we
needed,

Could have blown the *Esmeralda* to small bits ;
For our solitary cannon, lying on its rusty waggon,
Might have done terrific damage—if we'd hit.

THURSDAY, JAN. 22nd.

Fine, strong s.w. wind, right aft. Ship rolling very heavily ; some difficulty in getting our meals. We had averaged 11·4 knots an hour since we left Lota. Our run in a straight line from Lota was 211 miles, but this did not include our *detour*, or our detention, by the *Esmeralda*. Lovely afternoon. Frida very sick last night. We were abreast Island Juan Fernandez at noon, *alias* Robinson Crusoe Island, where Alex. Selkirk really had his adventures ; sixty miles distant. Considering the warm weather and the distance from the Horn, quite a number of Albatrosses were following the ship to-day.

FRIDAY, JAN. 23rd.

Not nearly so much wind to-day, though there is still a heavy westerly swell. There are still some albatrosses

following us. The Mother Carey's chickens are very interesting to watch, skimming about in the wake of the ship. Every other second they touch the water with one foot or the other, but rarely settle down in it; they are not much larger than swallows. Looks like rain this evening. Some one stole the bacon for the cabin breakfast out of the galley this morning, so the Captain, as punishment, has stopped all fresh meat for the men; rather rough on them, but all the better for us, as there is only a limited supply.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24th.

Fine calm morning, but with heavy rain clouds in the distance. Sailors still setting up rigging. Winnie rather seedy this morning. When we set our course on leaving Coronel, it was to have run right between two small islands, St. Felix and St. Ambrose, and sure enough this afternoon, St. Ambrose hove in sight a little on our starboard bow;



ST. AMBROSE.

awfully good navigation as they are little more than rocks. There is no water on St. Felix. They are sandy and covered with sea birds; myriads of their eggs are to be found in their season. It is full moon to-night and a glorious evening; wind right astern; the ship almost on an even keel. After leaving these islands, the first land we shall see will be Southern California. It is about 5,650



ST. FELIX.

miles from Lota to Victoria. Passed between St. Ambrose and St. Felix at 11 p.m. Awfully desolate places. St.

Ambrose is 1,700 feet high. They are only 11 miles apart. Got very good view of them. There is a pond of water on the summit of St. Ambrose, according to the Pacific Directory, but none on St. Felix. Saw a sailing ship this evening bound west; she was bearing right down on us, but it became too dark to see her, when she was close to. They are few and far between about here.

SUNDAY, JAN. 25th.

Glorious morning, no sea; just arrived in the S.E. trades. About eleven o'clock we saw a booby bird flying round the ship, and in a few minutes it alighted on the quarter-deck awning, we could easily have caught it, if we had left it alone for a few minutes, as almost directly they alight they go to sleep. As it was I stood a couple of yards from it and we stared steadily at each other for some moments. They bungled so in trying to catch it, that it just managed to escape. Mrs. Scott very seedy to-day; caught a bad chill.

MONDAY, JAN. 26th.

Another fine day. A smart shower came on in the afternoon. The Captain gave me a lesson in navigation this afternoon and I'm getting on famously. They are all busy painting up the ship; she is beginning to look much smarter. The fresh meat went bad yesterday, and it was worse to-night. Winnie did a lot of washing to-day and of course overheated herself. We were 4,741 miles from Cape Flatbry at noon to-day. Very warm below.

TUESDAY, JAN. 27th.

Showery all day, with very strong S.E. trade; quite unusual weather for these parts. We have all been making poetry, and some that Forester read out had some allusion to Tommy. At this he took offence and at lunch time he came out with some of his own. We fairly roared at it. There was not the slightest attempt at rhyme, but it was nothing but a string of insulting abuse at Forester; I was quite surprised that he took it so well; I felt like kicking the little brute as it was. Rather stormy night but fortunately the wind is behind us, so it is all the better.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28th.

Fine bright morning. Have been working at navigation all day and am getting on famously. Saw some flying fish to-day; hope some will come on board for to-morrow's breakfast. Saw two bosun birds flying round the ship; pure white all over, even their entire wings.

THURSDAY, JAN. 29th.

Lovely day; very warm. Frida very seedy this morning but pulled herself together after lunch and is all right this evening. We were about abreast of Callao at lunch time. Run 227 miles. Tommy Wainwright has been awfully sat upon to-day, by the Captain and chief officer; serve him right. We keep getting covered with paint; it is everywhere; not only on deck, but in the cabins. Still strong s.e. trade.

FRIDAY, JAN. 30th.

Again a most beautiful day. Winnie much better. Run only 211 miles; bad coal. Frightfully hot. Saw some bosun birds. Thermometer got up to 87 degrees in the shade. "Ludo" still in great request. They have been condensing water for the last few days, and the consequence is that it is difficult to get any cold water to drink; awfully hard on the firemen.

SATURDAY, JAN. 31st.

Awfully hot. The ship looks ever so much better now they have painted her up. They have not been able to touch the hull yet as it has been so rough. Run 220 miles. Two bosun birds have been about the ship all afternoon. Ought to cross the equator on Monday. One of the firemen is laid up.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1st.

Heavy rain early this morning. Ham and haddocks for breakfast and Chicago corned beef for lunch. These items represent our greatest luxuries in the way of food, and I can tell you, we do them good justice. The s.e. trade is still with us and is helping us along well. Our run to-day

was 230 miles, very good journey for us. Roast fowls and green peas for dinner. Sky very much over-cast to-night.

MONDAY, FEB. 2nd.

(Crossed Equator.)

Frightfully hot to-day; the little there is is right aft, and the consequence is that the smoke goes straight up in the air and the sparks straight down, so that the bridge awning and the boat covers are full of holes, burnt right through them. We are off the Galapajoo Islands to-day, distant about 500 miles. Heaps of flying fish about. As I was walking aft from the bridge this afternoon I noticed something white falling through the smoke on to the deck. On going up to it I found it was a beautiful bo'sun bird, which had evidently been half suffocated by the smoke. We picked him up and carefully examined him. They are most beautifully marked with very large eyes, and a most curious thin long red feather sticking out a long way beyond its tail. They can't stand, and their wet feet are soft and quite black. We threw him up in the air eventually and he flew away. Will cross the Equator about 7 p.m.

TUESDAY, FEB. 3rd.

In the doldrums to-day, and no mistake. Perfectly calm sea, with not a ripple on it. About 10 a.m. the 3rd officer reported two turtles close to the ship forward; from this time till 2 p.m. we passed hundreds of them, some brushing against the ship's sides, others some distance off, and all of them fast asleep. We tried several ways to catch them but failed to do so, though we hauled some up in the hammock clean out of the water, unfortunately the hammock capsized, and it fell back again. Several more we nearly but not quite caught, though we let down the gangway ladder, to catch them as they came past. Dozens of them we ran down or pushed against. They were all so fast asleep that they only woke up when the ship touched them. Such beauties they were: it was so tantalizing to watch them. Mrs. Scott tried to hook one, and the heavy hook fell right on its back but did not wake it; another

got foul of the screw, and it was funny to see it puffing and blowing afterwards. Very heavy rain clouds all round us all day; a breeze sprang up after dinner. Just after lunch we got an elaborate apparatus ready to catch some of the turtles, and felt quite sure of doing so, as the Captain had slowed down the ship for the purpose. Of course they all disappeared!

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4th.

In the N.E. trades this morning; blowing fresh. Rained heavily last night: it came through into our cabin. Saw a small waterspout yesterday evening about six miles off. We passed an island yesterday, and perhaps its vicinity accounted for the numbers of turtle we saw. This island is marked on my chart as "Gallezo Island;" but according to the N. Pacific Directory it is thus described:—

Jallego Island (Whabe's Report) Lat. $1^{\circ} 48' N.$ Long. $104^{\circ} 8' W.$
Otherwise unknown.

so it is probably mythical. "Duncan Island" (also marked on my chart), we should also have passed close to to-day; we did not, however, sight any land. According to above Directory, it is thus described:—

Duncan Island (Whabe's Report) $6^{\circ} N.$ $106^{\circ} W.$ *Otherwise unknown.*

so this, also is probably mythical. It is much too rough to hope to see any turtles to-day, much less catch them. Run only 286 miles. Capt. Scott has got his violin in order: he plays it very well. Heavy lightning to-night and stormy sunset; very strong breeze.

THURSDAY, FEB. 5th.

Very strong trades to-day; also strong current against us; run only 208 miles. Done some more navigation to-day, and learnt how to use the sextant, but shall not keep it up, as the small figures, in reading off, hurt my eyes so. I am afraid they are getting weak, for I can't go on reading for any length of time. We shall be in the latitude of Clipperton Island to-night, but, thank goodness, are giving it a wide berth. It is a most dangerous spot, and is thus described in Directory:—

Clipperton Island: Lat. 10° 17' N. (10° 13' 24"). Long. 109° 10' W. (109° 7' 30"). A very dangerous low lagoon island; destitute of trees; with a high rock on its southern edge—which may be mistaken for a sail.

The whole island is, with the exception of the solitary rock, which is 50 feet high, only about 6 feet above the level of the sea; it is 7 miles long by 1 broad, and consists of a fine white sand; altogether, a most beastly sort of place.

FRIDAY, FEB. 6th.

Saw a solitary turtle close to the ship, just before dinner last night. A very heavy rain storm came over us just after dinner—a regular deluge. A fine bright morning. Heaps of booby birds about; one alighted on deck which the carpenter caught and brought aft: it was a young one and awfully savage; we threw it overboard after we had had a good look at it. Nice breeze all day, and a little cooler. Run 212 m. They are painting the mast and spars to-day. Three boobies perched themselves on the ship forward this evening, one in the foretop and two on the anchor davits. They allowed us to go quite close to them, and did not attempt to fly away. The sailors caught one, and after fastening a piece of wood to it threw it overboard—rather cruel of them. There are probably a lot of them roosting on the ship to-night; they well deserve their name.

SATURDAY, FEB. 7th.

Fine morning, and a little cooler. The chief officer shot the booby bird that perched itself in the foretop, and served it right, for it had made a great mess of the fore-stay sail. There have been a lot about to-day: one perched on the awning chain and would not go away; it allowed us to touch it, they are very ugly and vicious; this particular one has a big wound in its stomach; the wretched thing is still perched on the awning chair (9 p.m.) and is fast asleep, with its long, savage looking beak under its wing. I am sure we could easily tame it if we tried. It is really absurd. One of the sailors painting the flagpole aft this afternoon painted its feet and chest yellow without getting hold of it, and it never attempted to move, but kept quietly looking round about. We saw a most magni-

ficent falling star to-night, it was most wonderful; it seemed to fall quite close to us, and looked like a huge rocket, bursting at intervals. The captain says that in all his experience he never saw anything to equal it. Saw a large curious black and white bird, somewhat like a hawk, with a long forked tail.

SUNDAY, FEB. 8th.

Beautiful day; a little cooler and quite calm. Very strong current against us. Run only 205 miles. Distant from Socorro Island at noon 119 miles. Topsy (the cat) scratched my neck open this morning, in jumping on to my shoulder. Heavy swell in spite of the calm; ship pitching a great deal. No sight of land at sundown, though the island is visible 60 miles off in clear weather, land on it being 1,200 feet high. Three booby birds on deck for'ard this evening. We have only sighted one ship since leaving Lota.

MONDAY, FEB. 9th.

At seven o'clock I went on deck and found that we had safely passed close to Socorro Island during the night: it was in sight right astern of us—a large high volcanic island. We were then (7 a.m.) just abreast St. Benedicto Island, distant about 10 miles—a base looking place. Although there are several more islands on either side of us, they are too far off to be seen, and the next land we shall sight will probably be Guadaloupe Island, about half-way up the peninsular of Iowta, California. Run to-day only 204 miles. Strong current still against us. Lovely day, and much cooler. Beastly poor feeding lately; worse than ever to-day. Tremendously heavy swell against us to night, making the ship pitch a great deal; not much wind.

TUESDAY, FEB. 10th.

No wind to-day, but still the very heavy swell. In spite of the calm weather our run was only 190 miles—quite upset the Captain. Frida did a lot of washing.

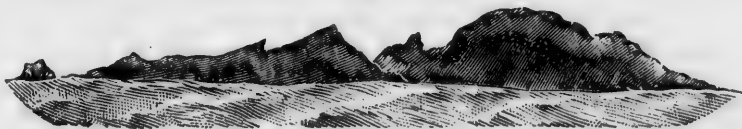
WEDNESDAY, Feb. 11th.

Head wind to-day; very fine and much cooler. Passed

about 30 miles to the eastward of the Alijos rocks this morning; they are most dangerous to navigation; the highest one is 106 feet high. Should reach Guadaloupe to-morrow afternoon, and be abreast San Francisco in 3½ days. About 8 days more to Victoria. Quite cold to-night and very dark. No improvement in the grub. Carter, the second officer, has drawn a very pretty trophy of arms, to decorate Forester's book, which he has entitled "Ocean Jottings," and is going to publish on our arrival. The ship looks ever so much better now she is painted up.

THURSDAY, Feb. 12th.

Fine day and very calm. Sighted Guadaloupe Island about 11 a.m. It is a fine Island, 15 miles long and 5 broad; I believe uninhabited. A fine range of hills in the interior, the highest estimated to be over 3,000 feet. Few supplies can be obtained on it, except water and wood. There are a few goats. We saw a small schooner cruising close to the Island, so perhaps there are a few people on it; this is the second sail we have sighted since leaving Coronal. Plenty of fine trees on the island.



GUADALOUPE ISLAND.

LATITUDE..... 118° 45' W.

LONGITUDE..... 29° 20' N.

FRIDAY, FEB. 13th.

Tremendously long rollers from the north to-day, stopping us a little. Our run was only 195 miles in spite of the dead calm. Beautiful day. The water this morning was bitterly cold. I read Forester's book through this morning, it is fairly well written and rather interesting. The wretched Tommy is ridiculed throughout. Expect to sight Conception Point to-morrow. Saw a large shoal of small whales (Grampus) quite close to the ship this morning. No wind to-night but tremendous rollers. Played the

usual "Ludo" after dinner, but got so sick of it that I soon stopped.

SATURDAY, FEB. 14th.

Passed some dangerous shoals last night and this morning sighted the Island St. Miguel lying off the coast of S. California. Later on we sighted the mainland, and the loom of the land has been visible all day. Wind has changed to s.w. and there is every indication of a strong wind. Very heavy rollers continue and the ship is pitching about a good deal. Sighted a ship in the distance after lunch. 9-30 p.m.—Very dirty night, raining hard and blowing pretty fresh; luckily right aft. Hope this won't continue. Finished six letters.

SUNDAY, FEB. 15th.

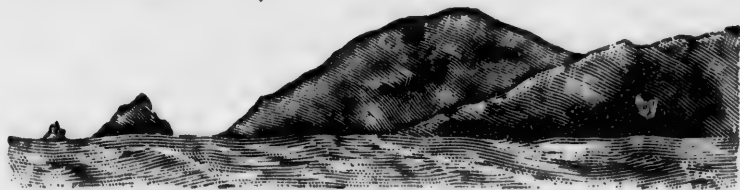
Awfully dirty last night, heavy gale from the s.w. which changed at 8 a.m. to-day to the n.w. The ship tumbled about unmercifully all night, and Winnie did not sleep at all. Been very thick all day, with very heavy sea. High sea all day, strong head wind. Abreast San Francisco at noon*, only 5 miles distant from the Island Lighthouse. Passed close under the stern of a smart brigantine, bowling merrily along with reefed mainsail. She was running into San Francisco and had probably come from Honolulu with sugar. Carried away several small things to-day, including the supporting pole of the awning ridge. The barometer registered 29.3° this afternoon; awfully low, the weather must have been terrible a bit further out. Sighted Point Arena light about 11-30 p.m., the weather having cleared up a good deal, though a very strong wind. 12, midnight.—Barometer rising a little.

MONDAY, FEB. 16th.

Off Cape Mendocino at breakfast time. This is the most western point in the United States and is fine high land, with the top covered with snow. Cape Blanco, 145 miles more to north, is 11 miles more west than Mendocino (Longitude 124° 33' W.). The coast line all along

*Farrallone, distant from San Francisco (Golden Gate) 23½ miles.

here is very high and bold. We have been within 10 miles of it all night, and have passed several towns; also several steamers, one or two quite close to. A very strong wind last night, but the Captain bore up under the land, so that we were pretty well sheltered. Heavy rain squalls this morning and the wind shifting about all over the compass. Hills are 3,000 feet high. Tremendous big trees everywhere. Off Eureka at 2 p.m. Heaps of driftwood floating about. We are getting short of coal so have been obliged to reduce our speed to $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots. Constantly passing vessels, mostly steamers, one of which is gradually overhauling us.



CAPE "MENDOCINO," CALIFORNIA.

124° 22' W. 40° 25' N.

TUESDAY, FEB. 17th.

Squally night, but not very much sea. Sighted Cape Blanco (or Orford) at 4 a.m. This is the most western Point of the U. S. A. Heavy hail storm just before and another just after breakfast. Captain was up nearly all night. Passed two schooners (one quite close to, a fine little vessel probably a sealer) slopping up to windward, against the strong s.e. wind. 9. p.m. Has been squally all day and very cold. It cleared up just before dinner and was bright and fine for several hours. Land in sight at intervals all day, though quite 30 miles off. Expect to be up to Cape Flattery about 4 a.m. on Thursday morning. It is a great nuisance running short of coal and so having to slow down. The engines also want screwing up very badly; however they have done splendidly so far, fancy 76 days out and only two stoppages. Can't say I like this cold weather and stormy sea, after the lovely weather we have lately been through.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18th.

Awfully cold to-day and blowing very hard indeed from the s.w. Passed the mouth of the Columbia River at breakfast time. A small schooner was beating down to windward at this time and was going along beautifully. Winnie hard at work packing up. 2 p.m. Gale increasing, very heavy squalls all day, with high sea. I don't think it was anything like as bad as this off Patagonia. However, six hours more and we shall be in smooth water. Beastly cold; heavy falls of sleet. Sighted Cape Flattery light at 10 p.m. and at 12 p.m. had rounded it, when a heavy snow storm came on and we had to steam out to sea again. When this had blown over we again entered the Fuca Straits and at 1 a.m. I turned in.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19th.

We let go our anchor in Esquimalt Harbour at 9-30 a.m. Very glad to be in port once more. This is a very fine land-locked harbour and is the headquarters of the North Pacific Fleet, though there is only one man-of-war in at present, the *Melpomene*. The Captain went ashore after breakfast, promising to send word immediately he had cleared the ship, to send permission for the passengers to go ashore. This he did not do till he came aboard at 8 p.m., so that we spent the whole day promenading the quarter-deck and admiring the scenery, which really is very fine. He no doubt met a heap of old friends on shore and quite forgot us passengers; beastly nuisance—especially for me, for C. Pearse's Teamster came off in a canoe at noon, and I had to send the former a note telling him I could not call on him, as we had not permission to land. Fresh beef for dinner; a great treat; the first we have had since leaving Coronel. Fine night. Snow been falling at intervals all day.

FRIDAY, FEB. 20th.

Landed at 9 a.m. after a hurried breakfast and caught the 9-30 Electric tram to Victoria; it took 20 minutes to do the four miles, very speedy, but very jolty. Got letters and money at the Post Office and returned to ship at noon,

just in time to catch Charlie Pearse whom I had appointed to meet there at noon. He was very pleased to see me and kindly asked us to stay with him and at anyrate to lunch at his place to-morrow. He has got a farm here and deals in horses. Returned with Winnie at 3-30 to Victoria, leaving our heavy baggage on board. We have put up at the "Oriental" Hotel and have got a nice sitting room and bedroom with food and attendance for \$2 each per diem. This seems a very busy city and is lit with gas and electric light. Ripping good dinner here. There is a theatre and some-thing on there to-night, but we didn't go. Nearly all the houses are built of wood.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21st.

Went to Esquimalt in the morning with Frida intending to lunch with Pearse, but the weather was so bad that we did not venture, so returned to Victoria, and in the afternoon were introduced to several people, including the Mayor, Mr. Grant, the Captain of the Port, Captain Clark a retired naval chap, also an army man, Major Wilson, late of the 42nd, and a host of others. We went down to the ship for dinner and returned to the hotel at 10 p.m. Very bad. Posted the letters home from the hotel. The *West Indian* is going to Nanaimo on Tuesday to discharge rails and coal. Went over the *Islander* after dinner with Williams, she is a splendidly got up steamer—oil paintings everywhere—but looks frightfully top heavy. Williams brought her out from England. I wonder they ever got here safely.

SUNDAY, FEB. 22nd.

Looked up Arnold Barham this morning; he is a very nice fellow, and has a charming little house on Menzies-street, in the suburbs. His wife also is very nice, and they have two children, I think one of them a boy about three years old. He was very glad to see us (Forester went with me), and we had a long talk over old times about J. H. J. Arthur and the Lurline. Met the Mayor after lunch, and have made an appointment to go to the City Hall at 11 o'clock to-morrow to meet him. He has put us up for

the Club. Captain and Mrs. Scott and Locke dined with us here this evening; awful bad dinner. It has been bitterly cold and snowing hard all day. The electric cars have stopped running. Had a long talk with Major Wilson to-night about things in general. Frida not well to-night.

MONDAY, FEB. 23rd.

Arnold Barham did not turn up here till 12 o'clock, so that I just missed him as I had to go to see the Mayor at 11-30. He was very civil and has put me up at the Club for a week. We went to the Club with the Sanitary Engineer and found it a very nice place; large billiard and dining rooms. This place is full of English people. Engaged rooms at £3, Superior-street and we go there to-morrow. Went down to the ship later on. Carter, the 2nd officer, was lying drunk in the hold, and while we were on board Lock went down to try and get him up to bed; upon which they quarrelled and Lock gave him a black eye. The Captain came on the scene and there was old Harry to pay; he knocked Carter all over the place and eventually put him in irons and locked him in his room. Williams the 3rd officer left the ship this morning, and started for San Francisco in the *City of Puebla*. The gambling in the bar of this hotel is tremendous. To-night it was crowded and they were playing "Vingt'in" for \$20 stakes. Still freezing to-night though it has been thawing all day. There is quite a large China town here; all the domestic servants are Chinese.

TUESDAY, FEB. 24th.

After breakfast, Arnold Barham turned up, and introduced me to a friend, who kindly offered to put me up for the club, but as I am already a member, I did not need his services. Barham has invited us to his place on Friday night. Went to Esquimalt, after lunch, and took Bebbington's boat; rowed over to Hutley Park in 35 minutes, only to find that Pearse had gone to Victoria, so after having a look round we returned, made some purchases, and got to our lodgings at 6 p.m. This is a fairly comfortable room, 3½ dollars per week, but no attendance is included,

so Frida will have to cook breakfast, wash up, make the bed, light the fire, and in fact do everything. Dined at the "Poodle Dog," a very fair restaurant, much better than the hotel. It is a lovely row from Hutley Park to Esquimalt. After crossing the harbour you enter a lagoon swarming with ducks of all sorts. Beautiful evergreen trees on the banks and in fact charming scenery. Rather a cold row back. Carter, the 2nd mate, has been sacked from the *West Indian* as he got drunk again to-day. He was locked up last night in jail, and was liberated this morning on paying 5 dollars. They have got a new 2nd mate on board. The *West Indian* is not sailing for Nanaimo till to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25th

Frida cooked the breakfast and we had finished by ten o'clock, she had made the fire, cooked breakfast, swept the room and everything by the time I was dressed. She enjoys this picnicing immensely. Went down to the ship and got our deck chairs, returning by the electric railway. Went to town afterwards and met the Captain and Forester, also Pearse and a friend. Pearse said he would come to the rooms at 4 p.m., but as it was raining hard at that time, he did not turn up. Went up to Victoria at 6 p.m. and bought two of Rider Haggard's books, "The World's Choice" and "Beatrice," one 40 cents and the other 30 cents, dirt cheap as compared with our English editions. Dined at Delmonico's, very bad dinner, and afterwards went down to the ship to say good-bye. They were all ready to go, pilot on board, &c., but the Captain delayed for half-an-hour to have a talk with us. He wanted us badly to go up to Nanaimo with him, and on to Vancouver, &c., but I did not feel inclined, so after hot whiskies we departed after saying farewell about half-a-dozen times. Carter came down while we were there in a frock coat and pot hat, and said good-bye. What a fool the poor chap has made of himself. However, he will soon get a job here.

THURSDAY, FEB. 26th.

Winnie cooked breakfast again. About noon I went

into town ; met Nicholls and Forester, and later on Pearse, who introduced me to a friend, Ward, a very decent chap, son of the banker here. I then went to the Club, and thence to the rooms to lunch. In the afternoon again went to the Club and beat Forester in two games of billiards. Met two fellows whom I have been introduced to, but whose names I forget. Dined at 6-30 p.m. at a small restaurant. The heat there was terrible, and the dinner bad. The "Poodle Dog" is by far the best restaurant we have been to as yet. Freezing hard to-night but it has been a lovely day. Forester came to our rooms this afternoon and drank whiskey in his tea.

FRIDAY, FEB. 27th.

Went to the station to meet the Nanaimo train, but Captain Scott did not come by it, so returned to the rooms for lunch. Afterwards went for a walk with Frida, and discovered the Public Park, where there were lots of boys skating. There is a "Zoo" here, not a very large one, the principal animals being bears and deers. There are swarms of the latter in the Island, in fact of both. We then walked up to Beacon Hill and got a most magnificent view of the whole place. It was a glorious afternoon and very clear. We could see Mount Baker on the mainland beyond Vancouver, a huge mountain covered with snow. Opposite us the magnificent Olympus range in Washington territory, the smoke of Port Agelo at their foot, and between the mountains and us, the Fuca Straits. It was a most lovely sight, one of the finest I ever saw. After dinner at the "Poodle Dog," we walked over to 140, Menzies-street, Barham's house, and spent a very pleasant evening there. It is a very comfortable little house, and they are fortunate enough to have one small servant girl, quite a rarity here.

SATURDAY, FEB. 28th.

Very hard frost last night, but no snow, thank goodness ; James' Bay frozen right over. Barham called, at 10-30, and we walked into town. He introduced me to several people and I had a good look round at the various offices

for suitable investments. It seems to me that the land in the immediate vicinity of Victoria is awfully high. There are some nice lots, however, just outside. It is not much use buying a large piece for farming, for it doesn't pay. Lunched and dined at the rooms to-day. Went to the Club this afternoon and saw old Raffles death in the Illustrated of 7th Inst.; very sorry to hear of it. Had some splendid salmon for dinner to-night, only $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents a lb. Wild ducks are also only two bits a piece, and salmon is at its most expensive stage now.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1st.

Very late getting up; had only just finished breakfast at noon when Forester arrived and he and I went for a walk. Returned to early dinner at the rooms but found that Frida had let the joint (pork) get on fire, when our landlady got into a frightful state of excitement (as it was blazing up merrily), seized it, and in a frenzy hurled it out of doors against a wooden outhouse. Fortunately the latter did not catch fire. When it was over she frantically shouted for help, and two men came, only to laugh at her. However, I made a good feed of salmon steak. In the afternoon Captain and Mrs. Scott and Miss Howard called and stopped till 5-45. Miss Howard is very pretty with a game leg. They had arrived from Nanaimo this morning and had driven over to see us from Esquimalt. He wants us to go with him to Vancouver on Tuesday, and we probably shall go. Went to Christ Church Cathedral this evening with Forester, who afterwards came to our rooms till 11 p.m. Very fair service with nice anthem. The Bishop read the lessons; service only one hour and ten minutes. Poor sermon. Has been a most perfect day, though of course very cold. Hope to get some skating to-morrow.

MONDAY, MAR. 2nd.

Lovely weather again. Called at Barham's house after breakfast, but he was out. Saw Mrs. Barham though, and she said that he was going up the Skeena River any day now, as his steamer had arrived in Victoria. Mrs.

Scott called at the rooms at 12 and stopped till 1 p.m., when we lunched, and afterwards Frida and I went for a long walk out to Oak Bay. Charming country, like it better than Esquimalt out there; glorious view of the Straits and Mount Baker in the distance. The barque *Scottish Bard* is lying in Victoria. She is a most smart little vessel, smaller, though ever so much smarter than the *Archer*. She is a London ship. Met a heap of men I have been introduced to to-day, and ought to have left a card at the Club, but quite forgot. Dined at the "Poodle Dog;" very fair dinner. Start at 8 a.m. to-morrow for Nanaimo, thence to Vancouver.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3rd.

One of the nanies, who sleep in the next room to ours, woke me up at 6 a.m.; I got up immediately, lit the fire, and cooked breakfast; chops and eggs, as I thought it best for Frida to stay in bed as long as possible. The cab (a hansom) was at the door at 7.30, when we started for the station and got there in good time for the train, which left at 8 a.m. Captain Scott, Mrs. Scott and Miss Howard joined us at the first station we stopped at, and on we all went to Nanaimo. A Mr. Ward, son of the banker, and brother to the one Pearse introduced me to, was with us and turned out to be a very nice fellow. He told me all about the sport in this country. His brother-in-law, Drummond, has a huge ranch of over 100,000 acres up in the Cariboo district, so he knows a good deal about it. Arrived at Nanaimo at noon, after a delightful run through a most interesting and most beautiful bit of Vancouver Island. Some of the trestle bridges are rather ticklish. Duncan's, a station half way, is very pretty, several English people live there. Shawmgin Lake and the Conicham district are also most beautiful spots. We all walked down to the *West Indian* to lunch, and afterwards I went over a fine American steamer, the *Commodore*. Splendid saloon and cabin. Her Captain was very civil, and showed me all over her, and afterwards very kindly lent me his small boat to go after the ducks in. Mrs. Scott and Miss Howard came with me, and Frida pulled;

but I did not get much luck though I had a lot of shots; the ladies were awfully in the way. Meanwhile the *West Indian* had taken the ground, and when we got on board, had a tremendous list. Lock was very excited about us.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4th.

The ship again took a bad list during the coaling, as they dumped all the coal into her port side, and if it had not been for Scott being on the alert we should have been on our beam ends. Left Nanaimo at 7 a.m., and when I got up for breakfast at 9 o'clock, we were just approaching Vancouver, with two steamers behind us, the *Cutch* and the *Islander*. The *Cutch* had been doing her best to overtake us but could not do it, as the Captain had told old McMicken to cram on every pound of steam he could, and we went faster than I have ever known her go before. As we rounded the point into Coal harbour we passed within a few yards of the wreck of the *Beaver*, the first steamer that ran on this coast. She is very tiny, about the size of one of the "Great Float" tugs. Yet she came round the Horn. The Public Park was on our right here, 8 miles round; on the left was the Indian village, looking very pretty, and in front was the wonderful city of Vancouver, just five years old. There was a large crowd of people on the wharf to watch us land. Forester came on board almost immediately, having arrived from Victoria in the *Islander*. He and I went over the town together, and to the C.P.R. Terminus, which is like a little country roadside station at home. The eastbound train was just leaving, and we had a look at the carriages; not up to much. After dinner on board, drove in a hack to Targent's house, about two miles out of town, and spent the evening there. Drank phiz. Mrs. Targent comes from Crosby. Very comfortable house.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5th.

Forester arranged to have his book published by the *Evening Telegram* people at a cost of about £20 for 1,000 copies; it will probably be out in about a fortnight. All the pubs are closed to-day on account of the elections. A

Captain Copp took me for a ten mile tramp after ducks, but they were very wild and scarce. He then took me to his house; very nice indeed. I hurried back to the ship and had only just time to say good-bye and rush off to the *Islander*, who started immediately we got aboard. She is a magnificent twin-screw steamer, and steams 16 knots. She vibrated awfully though, having lost a blade of her port propeller the other night. We left Vancouver at 4-30 p.m. and arrived in Victoria at 10 p.m. (5½ hours). Bright, lovely evening, and flat calm; all the stars and electric lights were reflected in the sea, and the effect was charming. The Opera House is a fine building in Vancouver, also the C. P. R. Hotel, but the latter is very expensive. The scenery all about is very fine indeed; shooting and fishing the best in the world; yet I don't like the place half as well as Victoria, it looks too big for the number of people there; the population is 15,000. Costello and Paddy had a fight this morning, and Costello got the best of it, giving Paddy a black eye, &c. The price of land in Vancouver is very high at present. I think I shall apply for the 160 acres though, if it is still to be had. The *Empress of India* is expected on the 15th April.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6th.

Raw nasty day. Have got a very bad throat, and cold in the head. Were busy till 3 p.m. changing to the downstairs room, at which time Mr. and Mrs. Barham called, but did not stay long. Barham is going up to the Skeena river to-night in a wretched little steamer called the *Buscowitz*, and I quite forgot to say "good-bye" to him, but shall probably see him again before we go. Met Williams in Government-street; he had just returned from San Francisco, where he had been to be married. On his return he went on board the *Islander*, where he expected to get the place as mate, only to find that the skipper had understood him to have been the cause of the row on board the *West Indian*, and, therefore, would not give him the berth—rather hard on him; so I wrote to Capt. Rudlin, of the *Islander*, explaining that it was not Williams, so I hope it will be all right for him. Dined

at the "Poodle 'Dog;" very good dinner. Returned to rooms directly afterwards. My throat very bad and sore. Like the downstairs room much better than the old one.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7th.

My cold has been so bad to-day that we only went out for about an hour this afternoon to do some shopping. We met Mrs. Barham and her little boy on Government-street; her husband went up to the Skeena river last night for the season, and will not be back till September; Mrs. Barham will go to him in about six weeks time. New lodgers have come here: an Englishman with an American wife. Frida says the latter is a rather objectionable personage, and makes her husband do all the cooking. Had some delicious salmon for dinner to-night: we dined in the rooms. Has not been quite so cold to-day.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8th.

Very wet all day, so much so that neither of us went out, and I'm glad I didn't, on account of my cold, which is a little better to-night. It is rather foggy all the same in this one little room. Wrote to Fhatty. Nothing else to record.

MONDAY, MARCH 9th.

Met Williams this morning, who told me he had got his berth in the *Islander*. I expect my writing to her captain fixed it for him. There was a large fire in China town, and I went to see it. The heat was very great, and the dirty wooden houses were blazing away merrily. There were three or four fire engines at work, preventing the fire spreading. They were purposely burning this part of the China town, and it smelled terribly—a very good way of clearing away a nuisance. Did some shopping with Frida in the afternoon, and went for a long walk in the Park. Lovely afternoon; wish my cold was better, and then I could enjoy it. They want 164 dollars to take us to Liverpool by Union, Pacific and New York—rather stiff. The C. P. R., viâ Halifax, only charge 119 dollars. Met the mayor this afternoon. A small schooner, the *Geneva*, has

just arrived here from Halifax, N. S. She was only 110 days on the passage, the quickest on record—distance over 14,000 miles, and she is only 97 tons. There is another barque in the Straits, the *Embleton*, which has been two years out from Liverpool.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10th.

Cabled to Avison for money at noon to-day, and made further inquiries at the C. P. R. offices about securing berths on the *Vancouver*, &c. Went for a walk with Frida in afternoon; lovely day. Dined at the "Poodle Dog;" very bad dinner. Cold a little better; Frida has caught one now, worse luck. Went to the Adjutant of the Canadian Battery about exchanging or being transferred into it, in case of our coming out here to live. We went down to see the little schooner the *Geneva*, that had come all the way from Halifax here, viá Cape Horn. She is a most smart looking little vessel with a very pretty bow, rather small though, for such a long voyage. We also went over to the Indian Reservation, to have a look at the Indian village there; nothing much to see however.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11th.

A telegram arrived from Avison this morning, saying they had cabled out £100, though I had only asked for £80. Pretty good work, only 24 hours doing it. Lovely day again, but cold. Met Ward and a friend this morning, the latter invited me to go and lunch with him, but I wouldn't as Frida is very seedy to-day. Went for a charming walk this afternoon, right out into the country; passed the cemetery which is finely situated near the sea. Some of the views were lovely, but it was rather too far for Frida, and we were both tired when we got in. Went down to meet the *Islander* after dinner, but she is not expected till 2 a.m. in the morning, on account of the overland train being late. Captain Scott and Forester are coming in her. Met several people I knew to-day. The money had not come when I called at the bank this morning, but I expect it will be there to-morrow.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12th.

Scott and Forester arrived from New Westminster at 1 a.m. in the *Islander*. Met them after breakfast, when Captain Scott went over with me to the bank of B. A. A. and identified me, when I drew out £50 leaving the other £50 there for safety. Forester says he likes New Westminster very much and wants me to go over there with him on Monday. I want to start for home on Wednesday, but Frida is full of fears about the long railway journey; it will be sickening if we have to stop here, but of course if it will be dangerous for her to travel I must stop. Went over to Esquimalt this afternoon to see about some property; shall have to go there again on Saturday. Frida got a letter from Edie to-day. Wish to goodness I had got Frida safely home! It will be beastly rot if it was to happen out here!

FRIDAY, MARCH 13th.

Rather seedy to-day. Received a wire from Liverpool containing one word "Apporto," which means in their code "go to Post Office for letters." It is rather unlikely that I should not have called there; however, the cable was not signed, so I don't know who it is from, probably Phatty. Went to the agent of the N. P. Railway, to ask him his fare to Liverpool via New York, as they tell me the snow has begun to slide badly on the C. P. R. It is a few dollars more than the latter, but the railway journey is only five-and-a-half days instead of seven. We shall probably go by it. Met Captain Scott. Much milder to-day; does not suit my cold at all. Saw in to-night's paper about the awful weather in England; also about the capture of Coronel. Fancy the station house being knocked down and 276 people killed by the guns of the *Esmeralda*! I hope Taylor and his wife have escaped. I see that most of the British merchants have been ordered to leave the country, and that "Wm. Edwards'" estates have been confiscated. He owned most of the coal about Lota, and was reported the richest man in Chili, much richer than Madame Consino.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14th.

Warm summer morning, it registered 60° at breakfast

time. At 11 o'clock I had just got on to the James' Bay bridge when I met Oharlle Pearse riding a ripping little chesnut, very shy of the trams. He had ridden over from Hutley Park for me, leading another horse for my benefit; very kind of him. I was going there to-day, but we have arranged to ride over to-morrow. Had a long confab with the Northern Pacific agent, in which he reduced his fare to New York considerably, and it ended up in my promising to go by his line if he would agree to split his commission with me, which he did. Therefore we shall probably go to New York on Thursday next, via Tacoma and Chicago, and thence to Liverpool by the *Aurania*. Hired a skiff at James' Bay this afternoon, as the weather was lovely, and took Frida for a delightful row up the Gorge. Beautiful scenery, enjoyed it very much. Received some papers from Ruthin; I was very glad to get them. A tiny little bark from England has arrived here, The *Irvine*, about half the size of the *Archer*.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15th.

Unfortunately it turned out a wet morning, but after breakfast I walked to the outer wharf to see the s.s. *Walla Walla*, just ready to start for San Francisco. She is a very fine steamer indeed, as far as her accommodation went, quite as large as the *West Indian*, I should think. At 11-30 I walked up to Mrs. Howard's house, opposite the cathedral, and met Pearse there, also two other fellows. After smoking there for half-an-hour we mounted our horses—he, a very smart chesnut, and I a ripping little polo pony—and off we started on our 7½ miles ride out to Hutley Park, where we arrived about 1 p.m., after a jolly ride over a good road with lovely scenery. The fishing season opened to-day, and on the bridge which we crossed were two men fishing; on the ground near them lay a pile of trout, one weighing, I should think, over five lbs. They were only using a bent pin with a worm on it. Pearse introduced me to his partner, an extremely nice fellow named Stewart. Their property is about 600 acres in extent. After an excellent lunch, served up by Ab Fouk, their Chinaman, it poured with rain till almost 5 p.m., when we went for a stroll. Young Howard turned up, wet through,

to tell me about some property, but I would have none of it. Spent a very pleasant evening and turned in about 12 p.m. Stewart donned his highland suit for dinner.

MONDAY, MARCH 16th.

Walked over a good part of the estate with Pearse after breakfast. It is without exception one of the most charming spots imaginable; lovely forest scenery, full of trout, streams literally teeming with trout. We put up several head of game (grouse and pheasants), but though we saw a lot of fresh deer tracks, we did not spot any deer. Stewart and Albert (their foreman) were busy sowing oats. I think they are most lucky to have got hold of such very nice property. After lunch we started back again for Victoria on the same horses we had ridden yesterday. The one I rode, Pearse has very kindly placed at my disposal during my stay here. Arrived back at 4 p.m. and found Frida all right. Did some shopping and said good-bye to Forester, at the Oriental Hotel; he returns to Vancouver to-night by the *Islander*. I'm pretty tired to-night, having enjoyed my visit to Hutley Park very much, the whole idea is very charming. I would have stopped longer only could not leave Frida by herself.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17th.

Have had a very long tiring day, especially for Frida, thanks to a wild goose chase that young Howard of Esquimalt took us, after some property on Cordova Bay. Pearse has very kindly put a pony and trap at my disposal till I leave; so at 3 p.m., after saying good-bye to Scott and receiving from him a present to give to his little daughter at Seacombe, I went to the livery stables opposite the Driard and got the pony harnessed and drove to the rooms, where I picked up Frida. Young Howard and a friend were waiting for me there, in the former's buggy, so off we started for a bay, where he said the property was, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. Well, we got to this bay in good time, only to find that the place was on the next bay, Cordova; so on we went over a most villainous road for about 20 miles, and at last, at 6 p.m., found the place. Most beautifully situated, pretty and all that, but my temper was a

bit ruffled at the length of the drive on Frida's account, so I would have nothing to do with it, so we drove back, arriving home about 8 p.m. Said good-bye to Pearse this morning and took tickets to New York, viâ Chicago. Frida very knocked up to-night; beastly nuisance! that long drive over such a bad road. Received a letter from Captain Benson, of the Canadian Battery, giving me information about exchanging, etc. Weather wet and dull all day and much colder.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18th.

Stopped in this morning. Young Howard called, bothering me about his estate; I told him to call again. Called on Nickells, who quickly informed me that this Howard property business was a put up job, *in toto*, which was corroborated by another fellow. He had no power to deal with the property at all, and what he wanted me to do was to plank down some dollars in deposit (he only wanted 100). Then with this in his pocket he would be able to go down to San Francisco with Scott. He is very keen about doing this, and I should have heard no more about the property. He and his friend called about 4 p.m. and were very specious about it, but I told them I did not think I would purchase any property in the Island this visit.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19th.

Young Howard called after breakfast, and got quite excited when I told him I would have nothing to do with the property definitely. Of course he said he had been to much expense about it, that he had got the deeds, etc., all prepared, but I told him he was a fool for his pains, as he had no business to get anything prepared without my sanction. I never heard of such a rotten, humbugging attempt at a swindle in all my life. I gave it him pretty hot, however, before I had done with him. Nickells has most kindly taken charge of my big portmanteau, two deck chairs, solar topu, gun, and gun case, and cartridge box, till my return to Victoria. Frida did John Chinaman today; he wanted $1\frac{1}{2}$ dollars for his washing, but she gave him only 80 cents, in spite of his "No can do." Went for a drive in Pearse's trap to the cemetery and round the

park, and wrote to him thanking him for his kindness. Went on board the *City of Kingston* at 8 p.m. and were given a splendid cabin with large bed. Her engines work without any noise whatever, I never saw engines work so well. Our baggage was examined on leaving Victoria.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20th.

Arrived at Tacoma at 8-15 a.m. and left in the "Atlantic Mail" at seven punctually. We go in the "Tourist" car as far as St. Paul's, and from there to New York, 1st class. This "Tourist" is very comfortable, but frightfully overheated. Had a splendid breakfast in the dining car, paid 75 cents. The dining car remains on the train right through to St. Paul's. Nothing can describe the agonizing shaking up we got on board the *City of Kingston* last night. We called at two places before reaching Tacoma, viz., Port Townsend and Seattle, the latter is the toughest city in the U.S.A. It is not safe for anyone to venture out at night there. Well, every time the *City of Kingston* went astern the vibration was terrible, I should never have thought it possible that a s.s. could have shaken so much. Poor Frida was awfully shaken up. We passed across the "Cascade" Range all day; very high mountains. We passed along the edges of some awful precipices, and across some awe-inspiring wooden trestles across the gulches, hundreds of feet high. Had a very good dinner to night, very civil waiter. Most magnificent scenery all day. Saw heaps of bear and deer tracks all along the line. Got to Spokeme Falls at midnight. This is a most lovely spot; the falls they say are as fine as any in America, as far as beauty is concerned.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21st.

Were three hours late to-day. Passed through a desert sandy country all day; most uninteresting. Had mutton for dinner. This is a great mining country; some very rough characters keep boarding the cars.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22nd.

Proceeded along the right bank of the Yellowstone road all day; most uninteresting country. Had broiled filets

of antelope for dinner. Nothing of interest to note. Car frightfully overheated as usual.

MONDAY, MARCH 23rd.

Flew along all day at great speed. At 7 a.m. we were 3 hours behind time, yet we did so well that we arrived at Minneapolis "on time;" pretty creditable work. Passed through a perfectly level country all day; most uninteresting. The heat in the "Tourist" was unsufferable. One beastly man was continually complaining about the cold, though one could hardly breathe. The confounded fogginess has completely knocked us up and I've got a most beastly cold. Frida, however, is so far all right. She has stood this long and tedious journey wonderfully well.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24th.

Arrived here punctually at 9 a.m., on time. Am pretty bad with "Grippe," at least I think it must be that. Am better to-night, but Frida has got the symptoms now; hope to goodness she will be able to travel to-morrow. Got into one of Parmelee's busses and drove to the Grand Pacific Hotel, where we put up. Very good room with bath, etc., attached. Awfully tired and done up, so have rested quietly all day. Heaps of "Grippe" about, 900 people died from it here last week. Two reporters collared me to-day to know where Beaumaris was and other small particulars; I expect I will be in the papers to-morrow. The population of this city is "clear" 1,200,000. This is a magnificent hotel and takes up an entire block; everything in it is on a huge scale. Walked down Clerk street to the Chicago and Atlantic ticket office and booked a double berth for to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH. 25th.

Went again to the Chicago and Atlantic office and changed my sleeper to to-night's train. Spent the day walking about Chicago. It is full of magnificent buildings, but the paving of the streets is execrable. There is a large building on the shore of Lake Michigan in which an air ship is supposed to be seen every 15 minutes. I

believe it is a fraud ; however, it was blowing a gale on the lake and I could not see very much. It was bitterly cold and wretched ; everybody seemed to be sneezing and coughing. A most absurd account appeared in the papers about our visit to this city ; I have cut one out and am taking it home. After dining in the hotel we went on board the train at 7 p.m. Very good station, The "Deerhound" on Polk Street ; disgustingly uncivil conductor, who gave himself absurd airs. He had a huge mustache and evidently thought a great deal of it ; it was outrageous the way he behaved.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26th.

Passed a pretty good night, and at noon a perfect colony of huge oil vats that looked like gasometers scattered all over the plain. These supply New York with coal oil laid on by pipes. This district is where the great oil supply comes from. Had to get off the train for meals ; it was a beastly nuisance, especially as I was suffering from "Grippe." Filthy bad food they gave us too. Passed the wreck of the two trains that collided last night ; one was a passenger, the other a goods', and they met each other at full speed. Both engines were driven 30 feet right up the bank, and most of the cars were broken into little pieces. A married couple joined us to-day, and left later on. They behaved in the most absurd manner, and though they seemed a pretty decent sort, they were awfully shy, and evidently knew that we all kept rudely staring at them.

FRIDAY, MARCH. 27th.

Arrived in Jersey City at 7 a.m., and having transferred baggage, crossed the river to New York. Beastly cold this morning ; awfully seedy with the "Grippe." Went to the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Chambers Street and had breakfast. Left Winnie in the drawing room and went down to the Cunard office, where I changed my ticket. Returned to the hotel and went with Frida to see if our luggage was all right ; found it had not arrived, so after finding our cabin and looking over the ship, we returned to the hotel. Had lunch and went on board again at 6 p.m., as we were

both tired and I was really ill; turned in very early. Bitterly cold in New York to-day. Saw a tram car get whisked off the rails in a block and sent whizzing down the street. New York looks only half the city that Chicago does.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28th.

Were still in bed this morning and fast asleep when we left our wharf in New York, and only turned out in time for the last breakfast at 10 p.m., when we were on the point of discharging our pilot; a very neat little reefed schooner taking him off. Blowing pretty fresh all day; too cold for me to go on deck. Our cabin is very comfortable, and this is a splendid ship. The North German Lloyd s.s. *Saale*, simply walked past us during the morning. The passengers on board us seem to think this quite a second class ship. There is absolutely no motion, vibration or otherwise in our cabin; we are right forward, in the forepart, to tell the truth.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29th.

Service at 10-30, which we attended. Doctor read it. All the ladies too ill to play the piano, so had to do without hymns, although it is Easter Day. Run 380 miles from Sandy Hook. Feeding is very good, unfortunately we can neither of us eat much on account of the "Grippe" from which we are suffering. Pretty heavy beam sea, but we neither roll or pitch, she is wonderfully steady.

MONDAY, MARCH 30th.

Run 348 miles; considered bad for this boat; quite fast enough for us however. Turned out fine and warm for an hour after lunch, so we ventured out on deck for half an hour. Am just a little better to-day, though Frida is rather seedy. Our cabin is awfully comfortable, I never slept in a nicer bunk. Heavy beam sea all day. We are keeping a very southerly course, 41° N. at noon to-day. Doctor not a bad sort.

"STRAITS OF MAGELLAN."

BY THOS. CALVERT.

Just before eight bells,
Cape Virgin we did pass ;
But look I e're so closely,
I could not see a lass.
They say the Patagonian maids
Go there their clothes to dry,
But though I used the telescope,
No damsel could I spy.

Cape Virgin passed, we soon espied
A beacon on our starboard side ;
With coloured bands of red and white,
Some twelve miles off, we got a sight.
Possession Bay we steer for now
And mark off shoals on either bow.
To guide her course and shoals escape,
To westward of Possession Cape,
Another beacon rose its head,
Still in the colours, white and red.

Cape Orange and Delgada Point,
The cold doth stiffen every joint ;
Now, care's required her course to steer,
For the Narrows right in front appear.
The Channel it is ten miles long,
Go on you must, blow light or strong ;
But safely through, a rest you get,
Although the weather's very wet.

Now "Asses' Ears" you get a view,
Direction Hill ! three boulders, too !
The Captain, always on the Bridge,
Takes note of tide, wind, mountain, ridge.
Again a broad expanse we reach,
Some seven miles from beach to beach ;
Wood's settlement, quite near the shore—
I think I've heard that name before.
The Chilian flag he hoists on high,
With British ensign we reply.

Cape Gregory, now, we give wide berth,
Likewise the land of fiery earth.
The second Narrows are now in sight,
Our way still good, and lots of light ;

Of Channels now to choose, we've two,
One's called the "Queen's, the other, "New."
The latter is the most direct,
The Captain's judgment most correct.

Sandy Point we made at two,
And frequently our whistle blew;
But no response being made from shore,
We've ceased to blow it any more.
At anchor, till we cleared our way,
At eight bells sailed, that self-same day;
As from our moorings we did part,
The *Iris* also made a start.

We ran her close for near a mile,
And then she forged ahead in style.
Three discs she shows; we come up grand,
The *Iris* she has lost command.
But shortly she begins to move,
And surely doth her sailing prove
That she is faster, there's no doubt,
So once again we keep look out.

Now right ahead, eight miles or so,
Appears in sight Cape "Isidro."
Off Glascett Point we saw a whale
Seventy feet from snout to tail.
Straight ahead we see Cape Froward,
It here began to rain and blow hard.
Bays Snug, Woods, Boya and Fortescue,
Where, if you ground, 'tis hard to rescue.

To enter Crooked Reach we're ready;
"Port, it is, sir. Steady! Steady!"
Glaciers bright—stupendous!—grand!
Assails the eye on every hand.
For "Field" anchorage then we steer,
Some "Banks of Clyde" doth me much cheer.

At half-past one, when fast asleep,
A powerful voice both loud and deep,
"A boat 'longside with natives, now, sir!"
I quickly donned coat, vest and trowser.
It rained, it snowed, 'twas very dark;
"Two men, a wife," without a sark!
They had no skins except their own,
The electric light upon them shone.

"Bacca, bacca," they did cackle,
But we their lingo could not tackle.

They had no skins with us to barter,
The wife had none—not e'en a garter.
We gave them pipes and some tobacco.
Some other day, they'd bring *huanaco.
We sailed again at half-past two,
'Twas cold, 'twas dark, and misty too.

Sea being smooth and weather bright,
We pass Smythe's Channel on our right,
But shortly it did blow terrific,
As we did steer for the Pacific;
Four miles an hour—losing ground.
Cape Pillar passed, we turn right round.
Magellan Straits doth end my lay,
I'll write some more some other day.

Smythe's Channel now, we steer for right,
The wind abaft, we're soon in sight;
Winding, curving, twisting, curling.
Rounding, bounding, sounding, whirling,
Sometimes twenty yards from shore,
But always rocks, behind! before!
No way at times you'd see to windward;
Land-locked, forward, backward, inward;
But by his route, the captain shows,
The marks and buoys he truly knows.

The bell invites us now to dine,
We'll view again this huge Loch Fyne.
Some Patagonians now we spy,
Right in our track their boat doth lie;
No time to waste, no speed abating,
They're left behind gesticulating.

"COLUMBIA COVE."

THE Landsman stands lashed to the side,
The engines eased, we gently glide;
"By the mark fifteen" he sings out
"Let go!" "It's gone" the mate doth shout;
So safely anchored for the night,
The watch is set and all made right.

Old stories stale, that round the Horn,
Sometimes at night, or early morn,

*Pronounced *Wanacka*.

The "Flying Dutchman" he doth sail,
But now I tell a different tale.
We met him in the Straits to-night,
Before us—with a bright stern light
Shining just abaft his spanker,
In the cove where we dropped anchor.

He came alongside in his boat,
And having coughed to clear his throat,
He hailed the Captain "How you vas,"
The Captain he no German has.
A roll of paper 'neath his arm,
His presence did not us alarm;
A chart he merely wished to borrow,
To guide him on his course to-morrow;
The one he had was very small,
It hardly was a guide at all.
The Captain said "Pray come on board,"
He did; the chart room is well stored;
He quickly copied all he wanted,
Which being done, he then levanted.
The sailors who rowed him on board
Saw our two pens, with sheep well stored;
One, with a sigh of anguish deep,
Said, "We've no mutton on *our sheep*."

Forward at noon, our course we make,
The Dutchman sailing in our wake.
Strange-named mountains of all types;
Mountain, ladder, and organ pipes.
Of Trinidad Gulf we now are clear;
Pacific swell doth now appear;
Now like a mountain, then like a dell,
Till we met Captain Scott in Coronel.



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